Love in my Pocket.

COME all you pretty maidens, I pray now proceed,
I pray give attention to what I ſhall read,
Don't credit thoſe young men for they will you praiſe,
And the devil himſelf can't be more falſe than they.

They woo you and ſooth you, and ſwear they you love,
And the very next moment inconſtant they prove,
But when they go from you they hold you in ſcorn,
Tis a pity ſuch young men ſhould ever be born.

They'll pull off their hats as they ſee you paſs by,
They bow with their bodies and wink with one eye,
But when they go from you they'll make it appear,
The beſt they have for you is a ſcoff and a jeer.

I once had a ſweetheart to me he prov'd kind,
But now I am inform'd he has chang'd his mind,
Does he think I'll grieve for him, no, not I,
For I am reſolved ſome other to try.

He thought that he'd like me when from me he went,
But he has harden'd my heart, it is harder than flint,
Does he think I'll grieve for him, no, no, not I,
For I am reſolved ſome other to try.

I've love in my pocket but none in my heart,
I ſet my love light, give every one part,
Come take me or leave me, or elſe let me go,
I care not a pin whether he'll have me or no.

I will live ſingle in better content,
Altho' I'm depriv'd I will not lament,
Theſe directions I had from bright Venus above,
And ſhe told me it was a folly to love.